

The Corellian Inquisition

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Category: Star Wars
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-06-29 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-06-29 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:40:26
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,048
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Star Warised version of Monty Python's Spanish Inquisition Sketch

The Corellian Inquisition

> <meta name="Generator"> Star Wars Spanish Inquisition Sketch

Star Wars Spanish Inquisition Sketch

Coreellia Inquisition!

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Rating: G

Disclaimer: I do not own Monty Python. And I don't own Star Wars or its characters. Those belong to George Lucas. I'm making no money off of this

Note: this is dedicated to fellow Star Wars Chick, Angela Jade, for the Monty Python/Star Wars plot bunny from her story. And also to admiral_recorson for telling me a couple of the Corellian characters.

The Spanish Inquisition Sketch from is from "Monty Python's Flying Circus" series 2 episode 2 (# 13) and "And

Now for Something Completely Different"

Luke Skywalker: Your Highness- trouble at base.

Princess Leia Organa: Oh no - what kind of trouble?

Luke: One on't cross beams gone owt askew on treddle.

Leia: Pardon?

Luke: One on't cross beams gone owt askew on treddle.

Leia: I don't understand what you're saying.

Luke: (slightly irritatedly and with exaggeratedly clear accent)
One of the cross beams has gone out askew on the treddle.

Leia: Well in Sith does that mean?

Luke: *I* don't know, â€" Mon Mothma just told me to come in here and say

that there was trouble at the base, that's all - I didn't expect a

kind of Corellian Inquisition.

(JARRING CHORD)

(The door flies open and Han Solo of Corellia enters, flanked by
two junior cardinals. Cardinal Corran has goggles pushed over
his

forehead. Cardinal Mirax is just Cardinal Mirax)

Han: NOBODY expects the Corellian Inquisition! Our chief weapon
is

surprise...surprise and fear...fear and surprise.... Our two
weapons are fear and surprise...and ruthless efficiency....
Our

three weapons are fear, surprise, and ruthless efficiency...and
an

almost fanatical devotion to blasters.... Our
four...no...

Amongst our weapons.... Amongst our weaponry...are such elements
as

fear, surprise.... I'll come in again. (Exit and exeunt)

Luke: I didn't expect a kind of Corellian Inquisition.

(JARRING CHORD)

(The cardinals burst in)

Han: NOBODY expects the Corellian Inquisition! Amongst our weaponry
are such

diverse elements as: fear, surprise, ruthless efficiency, an
almost

fanatical devotion to blasters, and nice utility belts- Oh damn!

(To Cardinal Corran) I can't say it - you'll have to say it.

Corran: What?

Han: You'll have to say the bit about 'Our chief weapons are ...'

Corran: (rather horrified): I couldn't do that...

(Han bundles the cardinals outside again)

Luke: I didn't expect a kind of Corellian Inquisition.

(JARRING CHORD)

(The cardinals enter)

Corran: Er.... Nobody...um....

Han: Expects...

Corran: Expects... Nobody expects the...um...the Corellian...um...

Han: Inquisition.

Corran: I know, I know! Nobody expects the Corellian Inquisition. In fact,

those who do expect -

Han: Our chief weapons are...

Corran: Our chief weapons are...um...er...

Han: Surprise...

Corran: Surprise and --

Han: Okay, stop. Stop. Stop there - stop there. Stop. Phew! Ah!

...our chief weapons are surprise...blah blah blah. Cardinal, read the charges.

Mirax: You are hereby charged that you did on diverse dates commit heresy

against the Holy Ewoks. 'My old man said follow the--'

Corran: That's enough. (To Leia) Now, how do you plead?

Leia: We're innocent.

Han: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

(Superimposed caption: 'DIABOLICAL LAUGHTER')

Corran: We'll soon change your mind about that!

(Superimposed caption: 'DIABOLICAL ACTING')

Han: Fear, surprise, and a most ruthless-- (controls himself with a

supreme effort) Ooooh! Now, Cardinal -- the rack!

(Corran produces a plastic-coated dish-drying rack. Han looks at it and

clenches his teeth in an effort not to lose control. He hums heavily to cover

his anger)

Han: You....Right! Tie her down.

(Mirax and Corran make a pathetic attempt to tie her on to the drying rack)

Han: Right! How do you plead?

Leia: Innocent.

Han: Ha! Right! Cardinal, give the rack (oh dear) give the rack a turn.

(Corran stands there awkwardly and shrugs his shoulders)

Corran: I....

Han: (gritting his teeth) I *know*, I know you can't. I didn't want to say

anything. I just wanted to try and ignore your crass mistake.

Corran: I...

Han: It makes it all seem so stupid.

Corran: Shall I...?

Han: No, just pretend for the Gods' sake. Ha! Ha! Ha!

(Corran turns an imaginary handle on the side of the dish-rack)

(Cut to them torturing a dear old lady, Luke's Aunt Beru).

Han: Now, old woman -- you are accused of heresy on three counts -- heresy

by thought, heresy by word, heresy by deed, and heresy by action --

four counts. Do you confess?

Beru: I don't understand what I'm accused of.

Han: Ha! Then we'll make you understand! Corran! Fetch...THE CUSHIONS!

(JARRING CHORD)

(Corran holds out two ordinary modern household cushions)

Corran: Here they are, sir

Han: Now, old lady -- you have one last chance. Confess the heinous sin

of heresy, reject the works of the ungodly -- *two* last chances. And

you shall be free -- *three* last chances. You have three last

chances, the nature of which I have divulged in my previous utterance.

Beru: I don't know what you're talking about.

Han: Right! If that's the way you want it -- Cardinal! Poke her with the

soft cushions!

(Corran carries out his rather pathetic torture)

Han: Confess! Confess! Confess!

Corran: It doesn't seem to be hurting her, sir.

Han: Have you got all the stuffing up one end?

Corran: Yes, sir.

Han: (angrily hurling away the cushions): Hm! She is made of harder

stuff! Cardinal Mirax! Fetch...THE COMFY CHAIR!

(JARRING CHORD)

(Zoom into Mirax's horrified face)

Mirax (terrified): The...Comfy Chair?

(Corran pushes in a comfy chair -- a really plush one)

Han: So you think you are strong because you can survive the soft

cushions. Well, we shall see. Corran! Put her in the Comfy Chair!

(They roughly push her into the Comfy Chair)

Han (with a cruel leer): Now -- you will stay in the Comfy Chair until lunch time, with only a cup of coffee at eleven (aside, to Corran) Is that really all it is?

Corran: Yes, sir.

Han: I see. I suppose we make it worse by shouting a lot, do we?

Confess, woman. Confess! Confess! Confess! Confess!

Corran: I confess!

Han: Not you!

End
file.